

Interrupted everyday motions – Journeying with threads and lives



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RAGNHILD FRENG DALE



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RAGNHILD FRENG DALE

An afternoon in Seaton Park, Aberdeen, March 21 2014, in the small breathing space between events.

A thread, shimmering with golden linings, binds and holds five human beings together.

Sensing myself – and us – in thread-motion, adjusting to the crisp air around,
with that particular northern feeling of warm sun in a cold season.
My woollen jumper and blue duffle jacket shield me from the cold air;
grateful I have my hat on and no bag to carry as we go along.

Our detached and free-floating bodies no longer separate, but part of a common movement guided
by a golden line that we are setting in motion and set in motion by.

Sensing the shared existence and the fragility by which we humans exist, walking in a non-regular
shape that carries us in directions we had neither planned nor expected.

Being the unexpected, sensing the unexplainable.
Breathing and moving connection(s).
People, wind, grass, trees threading through the things we do.

Becoming a point of attraction, amusement, astonishment, or treated with indifference;
interrupting the way of the everyday and playfully overturning the expected way of moving,
walking and being in a public place.

Sensing how safe I feel, in this framework,
moving and being moved,
entangling our hands, arms, fingers and threads, our attention and our consciousness focused on a
common cause.

The absence of words, not at all missed.
The journey becoming as we move along, unplanned, exploring.
A place some have never seen, and we all see anew for the first time.

The river, sparkling with movement and life, refracting the rays of the sunshine to bathe us
from two angles at once, tangling our lives together through the air and molecules and flows of
unintended intentions that move us along.

The path, dry at first, then partially muddy, a small complication to negotiate between us and the
elements – the sensation that our bodies are not separate but one assemblage moving with different
wills, meeting like the river flowing next to us.

Reaching a point that feels like an end, converging on a time as the sun moves and the moment
starts ebbing.

Leaving our connecting thread behind, still
strung out, and blowing in the wind.

The sense of freedom as the thread is left behind, though I never felt unfree whilst holding it.

Running back across the park, between patches of grass and soil and trunks of trees, balancing on
benches, rolling over and lying fully outstretched in the grass, in the sunshine, our faces turned up
towards the sky and our skeletons sensing the soil beneath us.

Walking back to a familiar world.
Carrying the gift of a shared experience between us.
Separate, connected, together, and apart.

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